BATTLEWORLD
SECRET WARS
JOURNAL
SECRET WARS
MARVEL
MAURER
SPURRIER
SMITH
MARKS
ABURTOV
MRVA
002

SECRET WARS

THE MULTIVERSE WAS DESTROYED!

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THE HEROES OF EARTH-616 AND EARTH-1610 WERE POWERLESS TO SAVE IT!

•

NOW, ALL THAT REMAINS...IS **BATTLEWORLD**!

•

A MASSIVE, PATCHWORK PLANET COMPOSED OF THE FRAGMENTS OF WORLDS THAT NO LONGER EXIST, MAINTAINED BY THE IRON WILL OF ITS GOD AND MASTER, VICTOR VON DOOM!

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EACH REGION IS A DOMAIN UNTO ITSELF!

SECRET WARS JOURNAL

◆ THE HUNT ◆

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◆ HELL'S KITCHEN ◆

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KILLVILLE.
A TYPICAL TUESDAY.
"CENTRAL. THIS IS PALADIN..."
ZOLOUNGE
CRIMZON
...WE ARE IN PURSUIT OF BOMBSHELL.
SHE'S HEADED NORTH ON REMINGTON AVE. BE ADVISED, SHE'S THROWING BOMBS...
beepbeep beepbeep
boom
I BET YOU FIVE HUNDRED BUCKS SHE'S HEADING TO THE MANN DISTRICT! TAKE THE ALLEY, WE CAN CUT HER OFF!
YOU'RE ON, MISTY. BUT LET'S MAKE IT THREE HUNDRED...
"...MY WALLET CAN'T TAKE THE HIT."
TOLD YA.
AW, C'MON! WATCH THE PAINT!
WHAM

OOOUCH. I--I NEED A DOCTOR.
AND MY RIDE NEEDS DETAIL WORK. TRAGEDIES ABOUND.
WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE?
HOLY %$@#! THAT LOOKS LIKE KRAVEN'S COIN.
OH, BOMBSHELL. YOU'VE BEEN A BAD GIRL.
HOW'D A SCREWUP LIKE YOU GET KRAVEN'S COIN, BOMBSHELL?
NOT UNTIL YOU TAKE ME TO A DOCTOR. I THINK YOU BROKE MY LEG!
YOU WANT A BROKEN ARM TO GO WITH THAT LEG?
OW, OW, OW! OKAY I'LL TALK. I'LL TALK. JEEZ. THE COIN WAS PAYMENT FOR A JOB. NOT GOING INTO DETAILS--
I DON'T CARE.
WHOEVER CASHES IN THE COIN GETS A FORTUNE. RETIREMENT MONEY.
BOATS AND CHAMPAGNE MONEY. HOW DO WE CLAIM IT?
GET THE COIN TO KRAVEN AT HIS JUNGLE WORLD CASINO, HE GIVES YOU THE MONEY.
THE CASINO? BOY, YOU ALMOST MADE IT. THAT'S GOTTA BE HEARTBREAKING.
BUT THAT'S THE TRICK. IT'S CALLED THE HUNT BECAUSE WHOEVER HAS THE COIN...
...IS THE TARGET!
RHINO
THE COIN IS MINE, COPPERS!

SAY, HANDSOME, WHERE'S THE HOT ACTION IN THIS PLACE?
KRASH
ALL RIGHT! THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!
AND YOU WERE WORRIED ABOUT THE PAINT?
LOOK OUT!
WE'RE GONNA NEED THE BIG GUN.
TALL AND GREEN AND STRONG AND ANGRY, THE GIRL FROM GREENLAND DOMAIN GOES WALKING...
WAIT, IS THAT...?

I THINK THE GUN IS JAMMED. I CAN'T GET IT OUT.
MOVE, NOODLE ARMS. HE'S COMING BACK.
YOU GET THE COIN...
...I'M GOING RHINO HUNTING.
BRAKA BRAKA BRAKA
HEY RHINO, YOU WANT THE COIN? COME AND TAKE IT.
COME TO TOADY, YOU BEAUTIFUL COIN, YOU!
YOU'VE GOT LOTS OF ROAR, LADY, BUT NO BITE.
NO BITE, HUH?
GROSS. YOU KNOW HOW MANY GERMS ARE ON THAT COIN?
STOMP
SNAP
SNAP
SNAP
BRAKA BRAKA BRAKA
ENOUGH BITE FOR YOU?

HEY, UH, YOU WANT TO HOLD THE COIN FOR A BIT?
GET THAT SLOBBER-COVERED COIN AWAY FROM ME OR I'LL DROP A PIECE OF KITSCH ON YOUR HEAD, TOO.
GENTLEMEN, WE'D LIKE TO SEE MR. KRAVEN.
OF COURSE, OFFICER. EXCUSE ME FOR A SECOND. I NEED TO MAKE AN ANNOUNCEMENT.
ATTENTION, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. KILLVILLE'S FINEST HAVE BROUGHT KRAVEN'S COIN HERE TO CLAIM THE PRIZE. YOU KNOW THE RULES. ALL THEY NEED TO DO NOW IS GET TO THE PENTHOUSE...
...WISH THEM GOOD LUCK.
RELOAD! RELOAD! RELOAD!
HEAD FOR THE ELEVATORS.
GOING UP?

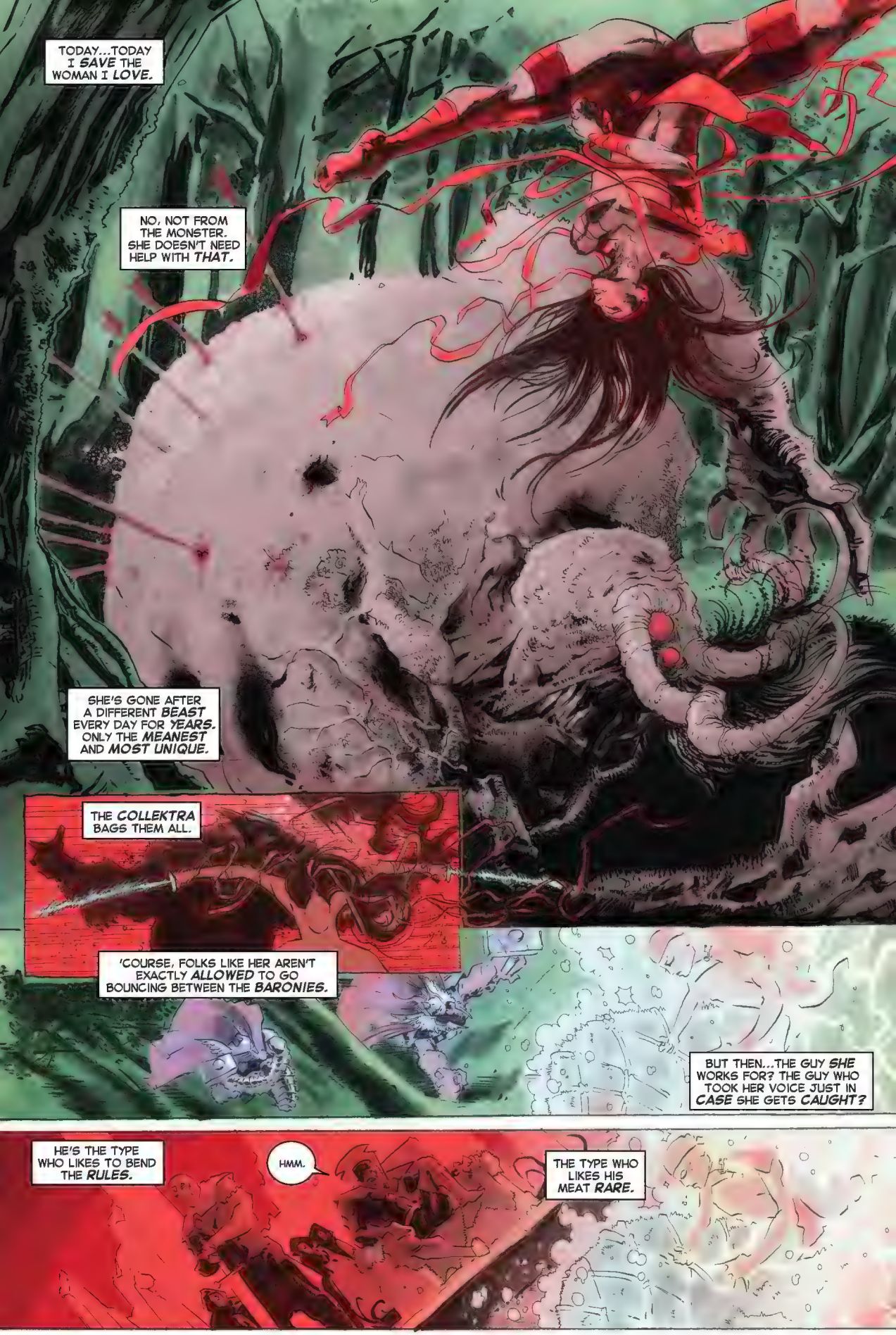
GIVE ME THE COIN OR LEARN TO FLY.
=SIGH=
WHY DO THESE THINGS NEVER HAPPEN TO MISTY?
THANKS FOR HOLDING THE ELEVATOR.
'COURSE, SUGAR. I LIKE YOUR STYLE. WHICH FLOOR?
TO THE PENTHOUSE, BIRDIE. AND MAKE IT A SOFT LANDING, WOULDYA?
I CAN STILL DROP YOU...
NOT IF YOU'RE HOPING FOR LITTLE HATCHLINGS IN YOUR FUTURE.
OKAY, BUDDY, LET'S BE COOL.
THANKS FOR THE LIFT, BUZZARD.
IT'S VULTURE, MAN!
SAME DIFFERENCE.
AHHH!
WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG?
GIRL TALK. LOOKS LIKE WE MADE IT. THAT WASN'T SO HARD.
C'MON, MISTY. TALK LIKE THAT IS GONNA JINX--

END OF THE LINE, FUZZ!
OW! DAMMIT!
AH, COME ON, REALLY? COWBOY BOOT STINGERS!
CLINK
VIBRANIUM AND DIAMOND, SUCKER...
I'M MISTER SINISTER, KRAVEN'S LEGAL COUNSEL. POISON FROM TARANTULA'S KNIFE IS NOW TRAVELING IN YOUR PARTNER'S BLOODSTREAM. HE WILL BE COMPLETELY PARALYZED IN MINUTES. LEAVING JUST YOU, MS. KNIGHT.
YOU ARE OUTMATCHED AND UNWANTED. GIVE US THE COIN AND NO HARM WILL COME TO YOU.
JUST LIKE KRAVEN TO SEND A LAWYER TO A GUNFIGHT.
ARE YOU INSANE? I'VE GOT AN OXYGEN TANK. SHOOT THAT GUN AND YOU COULD CAUSE AN--
KABOOM
DIOS MIO!

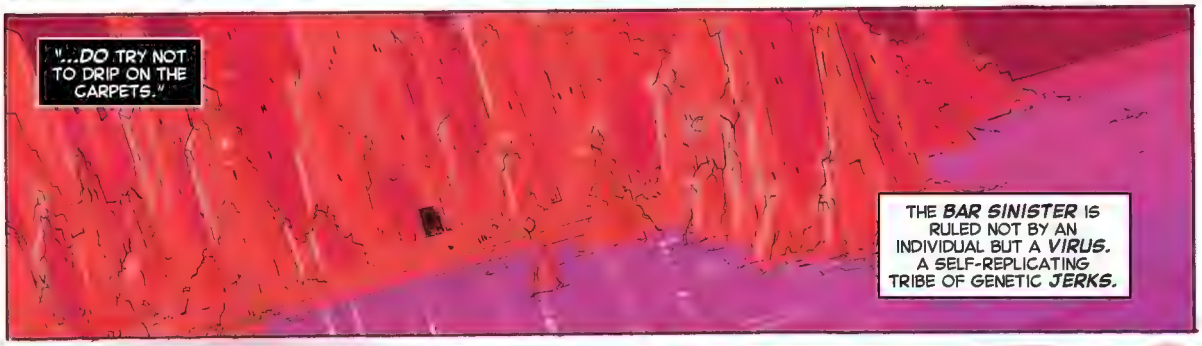
MISTY, HELP. I CAN'T FEEL MY LEGS. MY ARMS ARE NEXT.
PALADIN, HOLD ON!
YOU'RE ONLY DELAYING THE INEVITABLE, CHICA. TASTE MY BOOT BLADE!
TASTE MY DRY CHEMICAL EXTINGUISHING AGENT, YOU WEIRDO.
CRUMBLE
OKAY HOMBRE, PARTY'S OVER... AHHH!
HURRY, HE'S COMING. OOF, THIS HURTS.
IT WON'T IN A FEW SECONDS.
WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?
NOOO!
SUCK IT UP, PALADIN.

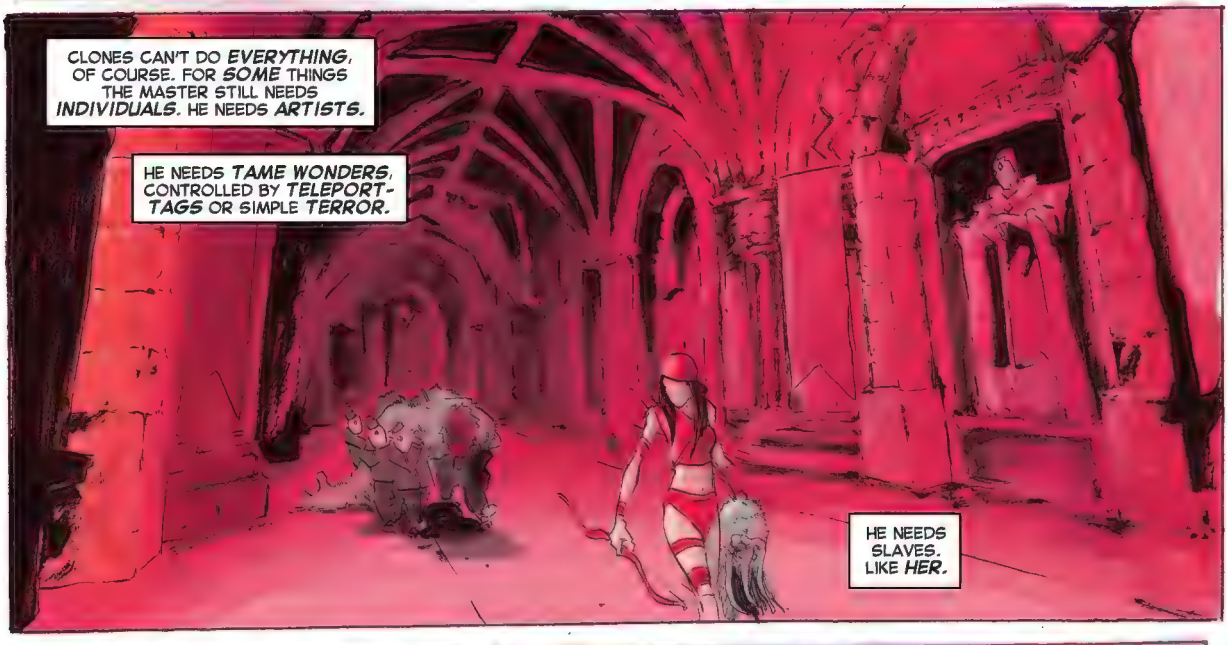
STAB
STAB
STAB
STAB
STAB
NO MORE STINGERS.
SNAP
MY TURN, JACK.
I CAN BARELY FEEL MY FACE.
THAT'S PROBABLY A GOOD THING. KRAVEN'S OFFICE IS RIGHT OVER THERE. WAIT HERE, MAMA'S GOT BUSINESS TO TAKE CARE OF.
OFFICER KNIGHT. I WAS WATCHING. IMPRESSIVE. LIKE YOU, I AM AN ACCOMPLISHED HUNTER. YOU SEE THAT SABERTOOTH TIGER PELT? TOOK IT IN THE VALLEY OF FLAME WITH JUST A KNIFE.
YEAH, I BAGGED A RHINO AND KILLED A SPIDER TODAY. NOW PAY ME.

YOU'RE BEING SHORTSIGHTED, COPPER. THE HUNT WAS NEVER ABOUT MONEY. IT WAS ABOUT SECURITY. ASSASSINS HAVE HUNTED THE COIN FOR YEARS... WHICH MEANT THEY WEREN'T HUNTING YOU OR ME.
THE HUNT MUST CONTINUE. SURE, YOU COULD TAKE THIS PETTY CASH, OR YOU COULD COME WORK FOR ME. RUN THE HUNT. FOR REAL MONEY.
I'M NOT FOR SALE...
... AND YOU COULDN'T AFFORD ME. PLUS, YOU'RE NO HUNTER. I SAW THAT BEAR SKIN FOR SALE AT THE GIFT SHOP DOWNSTAIRS.
I CAN SEE THE OTHER MISCREANTS IN THIS TOWN SHAKING ME DOWN, BUT YOU'RE COPS.
COPS STILL GOT TO EAT, HONEY.
NEXT TIME, YOU'RE THE HUMAN SHIELD.
AW, BABY, YOU KNOW I'M TOO COOL FOR THAT.
SEE MORE OF KILLVILLE IN...
M.O.D.O.K. ASSASSIN


TODAY...TODAY I SAVE THE WOMAN I LOVE.
NO, NOT FROM THE MONSTER. SHE DOESN'T NEED HELP WITH THAT.
SHE'S GONE AFTER A DIFFERENT BEAST EVERY DAY FOR YEARS. ONLY THE MEANEST AND MOST UNIQUE.
THE COLLEKTRA BAGS THEM ALL.
'COURSE, FOLKS LIKE HER AREN'T EXACTLY ALLOWED TO GO BOUNCING BETWEEN THE BARONIES.
BUT THEN...THE GUY SHE WORKS FOR? THE GUY WHO TOOK HER VOICE JUST IN CASE SHE GETS CAUGHT?
HE'S THE TYPE WHO LIKES TO BEND THE RULES.
HMM.
THE TYPE WHO LIKES HIS MEAT RARE.

WHAT AN UNNECESSARILY *UGLY* CREATURE.
NATURE CAN BE *SUCH* A PHILISTINE, DARLING.
OFF TO THE *KITCHEN* WITH IT. AND--COLLEKTRA *PLEASE*...


"...*DO* TRY NOT TO DRIP ON THE CARPETS."
THE *BAR SINISTER* IS RULED NOT BY AN INDIVIDUAL BUT A *VIRUS*. A SELF-REPLICATING TRIBE OF GENETIC *JERKS*.


CLONES CAN'T DO *EVERYTHING*, OF COURSE. FOR *SOME* THINGS THE MASTER STILL NEEDS *INDIVIDUALS*. HE NEEDS *ARTISTS*.
HE NEEDS *TAME WONDERS*, CONTROLLED BY *TELEPORT-TAGS* OR SIMPLE *TERROR*.
HE NEEDS SLAVES. LIKE *HER*.

SOUNDS LIKE YOU BROUGHT ME A *BIG* BASTARD TODAY!
AND LIKE *ME*.
MATT MURDOCK.

I LOST MY *SIGHT* AS A KID, THOUGH THERE WERE... *UNEXPECTED ADVANTAGES*.
FORGET *ENHANCED HEARING*. FORGET *SUPER-SENSITIVITY*. THE MASTER HOLDS A SOPHISTICATED *PALETTE*, ABOVE ALL ELSE.
SO, NO, I'VE NEVER *SEEN* THE WOMAN I LOVE...BUT I CAN *TASTE* HER *PAIN*.
WE'RE *BOUND*, SHE AND I. BOUND BY OUR *TALENTS* AS MUCH AS OUR *BODIES*. BOUND TO THIS HATEFUL PLACE THE *MASTER* CALLS...

...HELL'S KITCHEN
WRITER: SIMON SPURRIER
ARTIST: JONATHAN MARKS
COLOR ARTIST: MIROSLAV MRVA
TWO ARTISTS.
ONE TO BRING THE FLESH.
ONE TO MAKE IT GLORIOUS.

GO AND GET READY, WENCH. THE MASTER FEASTS TONIGHT WITH HIS MOST SENIOR SELVES. HE'LL BE EXPECTING AN EXCEPTIONAL PERFORMANCE.
COLLEKTRA, I...

I'LL FIX YOU SOMETHING...F-FOR AFTERWARDS, Y'KNOW?
LEMON PIE, MAYBE? YOUR FAVORITE.

YOU DESERVE IT.
SHE CAN'T TALK AND I CAN'T SEE HER, BUT... BUT OH, I CAN TELL.
THE CHANGE IN HER PULSE. THE WARMTH OF HER TOUCH. THE SCENT OF ADRENALINE.

SHE LOVES ME, TOO.
AND SO TODAY...? TODAY I WILL SAVE HER.
HHH.
MAGIC TIME.
I'VE SPENT YEARS IN THIS PIT. YEARS MAKING WONDERS FOR A TYRANT AND HIS GUESTS.
MY BEIGNETS DU K'UN LUN YETI MADE THE BLACK QUEEN WEEP. THREE THORS ONCE GORGED SO HARD ON MY NIGHT-FANGER BIRYANI THEY COULDN'T FLY HOME. THE HOUSE OF HYPERION HAS TWICE THREATENED WAR FOR THE SECRET OF MY FRICADELLES DU STEGOSAURE "AU VINCENT."
EVEN THE GOD-KING DOOM HIMSELF GAVE A SINGULAR EXULTANT SIGH AT MY FAMED MAGRET DE CANARD CARICATUREE À L'EXCELSIORANGE.
I HATE HIM. EVERY NIGHT I DREAM OF POISON.
MY LORDS... GIANT-SIZED GUMBO, FUMET OF LEMURIAN-INK COUS-COUS AVEC MACEDOINE DE FLORA COLOSSI.
HOW FRIGHTFULLY RUSTIC. WELL, LET'S START THE ENTERTAINMENT, SHALL WE?
I'D KILL HIM IN A FLASH IF I COULD. TO FREE MYSELF. TO FREE MY LOVE.
SERVICE.
THANKS TO ME THE MASTER'S HOSPITALITY IS FAMED. THANKS TO ME HE BUILDS HIS DAMN INTRIGUES AROUND DINNER INVITES.
"THE FARE-DEVIL," HE CALLS ME. HIS OWN PERSONAL KEY TO ANY MAN'S HEART.

TO DEPRIVE HIM OF THE PERFECT ART HE'S ENSLAVED.
BUT...OUR MASTER'S ALSO THE PARANOID TYPE. HE MIXES HIS HIGH TASTES WITH BASE PRACTICALITIES:
LET SHE WHO COLLECTED THE FLESH BE THE FIRST TO TASTE IT. IT'S ONLY FAIR.
HE THINKS HE'S COVERED. HE THINKS HE'S SAFE.
YOU'RE NOT YOU BASTARD.
IT WAS HER. JUST SO YOU KNOW.
WITHOUT EVEN KNOWING IT. WITHOUT EVEN MEANING IT.
IT WAS HER WHO BROUGHT ME THE MEANS TO KILL HIM.

A VEX IMPERIUS. AN ATLANTEAN HYBRIDIZED WITH WHO-KNOWS-WHAT. THE MER-TRIBES HAVE ALWAYS BEEN... GENETIC OPPORTUNISTS.
DOWN UNDER THE FEATHERS AND FOREHEADS ARE VENOM-SACS ADAPTED FOR THEIR ONLY NATURAL ENEMY: THE INSECT HORDES OF XANDAR.
PSYCHIC TOXINS, YOU UNDERSTAND? ONE BITE'S LIKE CHAIN LIGHTNING TO A HIVE MIND.
I TOOK A LOOOOOT OF CARE CUTTING OUT THE VENOM THAT DAY.
THE FEAST WENT FINE. I MADE COLLEKTRA A TREAT--SAME AS EVERY NIGHT. GOT IT SENT UP TO HER ROOM.
IT'S OUR ONE RITUAL, SEE? THE ONLY THING I CAN GIVE HER.
IT WASN'T UNTIL THE MORNING I REALIZED I'D USED THE SAME KNIFE ON BOTH.
BUT THEN...THERE SHE WAS, LIKE ALWAYS. READY FOR THE HUNT.
JUST DUMB LUCK. A DOSE SMALL ENOUGH TO BE METABOLIZED. AND MAYBE...JUST MAYBE...TO START BUILDING AN IMMUNITY.
I HAVE SPENT A YEAR POISONING MY BELOVED TO INCREASE HER TOLERANCE.
I'LL...I'LL SEND UP SOME LEMON PIE, OKAY? YOUR FAVORITE.
TODAY MY STOCK OF THE VENOM RAN OUT. ALL THAT'S LEFT WAS THE LAST--AND LARGEST--DOSE.
AND SO TODAY IS THE DAY.
TODAY THE TOXIN WILL ROAR LIKE MENTAL FIRE BETWEEN THE IDENTIKIT BRAINS OF THE MAN I HATE...WHILE SHE?
SHE WON'T FEEL A THING.

TODAY I WILL SAVE THE WOMAN I LOVE.
=NNK=
SPLRSH
HMPH.
BUTLER? BE A GOOD CHAP AND FETCH THE COOK, WOULD YOU?
THERE SEEMS TO BE A HAIR IN MY STEW.

NO NO NO NO--
OH, DO STOP SNIVELLING...
YOU HEARD HIM. ONE MORE SNIV AND IT'S TA-TA TO YOUR TACKLE, GOT IT?
NOW...LET THE RECORD SHOW WE'VE KNOWN ABOUT YOUR SLEAZY LITTLE STASH OF HYPERTOXIN SINCE IT ARRIVED.
WE WERE RATHER STARTING TO THINK YOU'D LOST YOUR NERVE, OLD BEAN.
YOU ARE, OF COURSE, NOT A SCIENTIST. YOU ARE ALSO EXTREMELY STUPID.
CREATIVE TYPES, EH, SINNY? BLOODY SCROUNGERS, THE LOT.
I SUGGEST YOU THEREFORE TRUST MY EXPERTISE WHEN I TELL YOU NOTHING MORTAL CAN SURVIVE THE VENOM OF THE VEX IMPERIUS, AT EVEN THE MOST MINUSCULE DOSAGE.
ONE CANNOT-- ONE DOES NOT-- DEVELOP IMMUNITY.
B-B-BUT SHE...E-E-EVERY DAY SHE WAS F--
I AM A CLONER, YOU UNFATHOMABLY DENSE INDIVIDUAL.
SNAP

HELLO THERE, DEAREST.
COLLEKTRA, I WANT YOU TO LISTEN CAREFULLY.
THIS MAN HAS MURDERED YOU *EVERY NIGHT* FOR A YEAR. EVERY MORNING I'VE ASSUAGED HIS *PERFIDY* BY BUILDING YOU *ANEW.*
NO.
ONE SNIV. JUST ONE. I *DARE* YOU.
HOW DOES THAT MAKE YOU *FEEL,* I WONDER?
HA. OF COURSE SHE CAN'T *SAY.*
NO MORE THAN *YOU* CAN SEE THE...OOF... THE *LOOK* SHE'S GIVING YOU.
THOUGH I EXPECT YOU CAN *IMAGINE* IT, MM?
WH...*WHY?* WHY NOT *STOP* THIS SOONER?

OH, DON'T BE SO DREARY. WHY DO YOU THINK?
BECAUSE IT'S FUNNY.
BECAUSE WE WANTED TO SEE HOW FAR YOU'D GO.
"KEEP YOUR ENEMIES CLOSE," AND ALL THAT TOSH.
BUT MOSTLY?
TO DEMONSTRATE THAT YOU ARE NOT THE GREATEST ARTIST IN THIS PLACE.
NOW... I IMAGINE YOU HAVE DUTIES TO ATTEND...?
BY THE WAY... THIS IS RATHER GOOD. NICE 'N SPICY. COMPLIMENTS TO THE CHEF AND ALL THAT.
B-B-B-BUT--
"NOTHING MORTAL," REMEMBER?
AND MURDOCK?
DO TRY NOT TO DRIP ON THE CARPETS.
THE END.

MINUTEMEN
Blutman